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VAGATION AND FURLOUGH.



KOREANS AT DINNER.

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THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

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CONTENTS.

Editorial	162
Why a Vacation at all?	164
Furlough Experiences and Meditations <i>Rev. Harry A. Rhodes.</i>	165
Inspirations of Furlough	169
Diamond Mountain Stepping Stones..... <i>H. A.</i>	171
Why Karuizawa is Worth While	<i>Rev. R. A. Hardie.</i> 173
A Missionary's Gleanings in China and the Philippines.	
..... <i>Miss Lulu E. Frey.</i>	176
Vacation Attractions of The Taidong River	<i>Mrs. S. A. Moffett.</i> 178
Phases of Summer Life at Sorai Beach.....	<i>Rev. Wm. N. Blair.</i> 181
The Doctor's Vacation ...	<i>Ly. H. S.</i> 182
Activities at Woisan Beach.....	<i>Rev. S. A. Beck.</i> 184

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EDITORIAL.

SPIRAL REVIVAL.

IV.

THE VACATION OF PRAYER.

The Vacation of Prayer accords with our present Vacation and Furlough number since the regnant idea of Vacation which is rest, through change of scene, association and employment, is also the idea which dominates in Prayer. Because the wastes and depletions of our work-a-day world are not made good by food, sleep and The Lord's Day, therefore, Vacation for recuperation and readjustment is indispensable to normal efficiency. Likewise the spiritual life can not be nourished and sustained by Scripture truth, however lovingly received and loyally followed, apart from prayer. If we shall not falter and grow weary in well doing we must obey the Master's mandate "come ye apart into a desert place and rest awhile." The closet with its "shut to" door is a desert place which fully approves itself as the rejuvenator of the Christian,—“We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power.” Prayer more than restores; for while before prayer we crept, after prayer we “mount with wings as eagles”!

A great change is inaugurated when the jaded missionary turns his back upon Oriental belatedness and wrongedness by stepping from the ancient sampan to the modern ocean liner which bears him swiftly toward the land of liberty which holds his countrymen, neighbors and dear kindred, by association with whom he shall add virile years to his life! But such vacation is a clumsy symbol of that change and rest through prayer which inducts us into the realm heavenly, where

“Though sundered far by faith we meet
Around one common mercy seat,”

kindred spirits in the earth and the heavens not only, but “Our Father” Whose brooding benediction quickens and reinforces our souls.

Prayer was the mainspring of the Spiral Revival of the Acts which we are studying. Not that the prayer incidents named in that record were all, any more than the few trout which in breakfasting splash above the lake's surface are the only fish therein; they are but a few of many but suffice for samples.

First was the prayer meeting that preceded Pentecost. Faith and hope and love, the things that abide forever, characterized all the prayers

of this persistent revival of the Acts. The faith was active manifesting itself in obedience to Christ which entailed conditions of human helplessness which barred all hope apart from God. This first prayer meeting was of ten days' duration and was held at Jerusalem by the Master's appointment. The details as to place were unwittingly arranged by the enemy, peril from whom drove the disciples to, and kept them together in an upper room where with one accord they clung tenaciously to the only thing that was left them viz. the Master's promise that "before many days" the Father's promised gift would be granted, which was realized on the day of the Harvest Festival when the earth was baptized with blessing!

The second prayer service was also selected by Christ assisted by the enemy. In Acts III, I, we read "Peter and John were going up to the temple at the hour of prayer." Their purpose, as to place, was ill conceived, for the temple as a Christian prayer-place was out of date. It had sections for priests, men, women and Gentiles. Its rulers had instigated the murder of Jesus Christ who had pronounced it a den of thieves and had doomed it to destruction. God diverted them from that place through Peter's healing of the lame man at the beautiful gate, which attracted a crowd to which Peter preached to the conversion of two thousand, whereupon the frightened Hierarchy arrested the two Apostles and clapped them in jail. Thus the two had reached the "closet" of God's choosing. They were in a tight place in more senses than one. Their case was exigent; a crisis impended as in all these prayer cases in the Acts. Does not true prayer always imply crisis? Their lives would pay the forfeit of failure to outwit or to confound the Sanhedrim. Doubtless these two men prayed as never before, the Church outside coöperating. Again they built on the Master's promise "When ye shall be brought before judges for my sake be not anxious what ye shall say for it shall be given you what ye shall speak." This was abundantly verified next morning when at the close of Peter's defence or defiance the august Hebrew court could do nothing but further threaten them and let them go.

Third "being let go they went to their own company" where, through prayer, God was worshipped as Creator and forteller, through the Prophets, how rulers of Earth should rage and set themselves against Him as even now they were doing and this Christian group petitioned that with boldness they might preach the wounding word while God stretched forth His healing hand so working wonders in Jesus' name. Immediate assurance was vouchsafed in that the assembly place was shaken, they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and spake the word with boldness.

Fourth, contemplate the prayer of Stephen. The blood-thirsty crowd of listeners endured his extended historical discourse until, having referred to the temple built by Solomon, the preacher excepted to it in the word, "Howbeit, the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands, as saith the prophet," whereat they began to scowl, next to be cut to the heart and then to gnash on him with their teeth in fury as closing in about him they "shut to the door" of Stephen's "closet," who

instinctively turned in prayer to God. Instantly Stephen's face shines like the face of an angel, at which the mob halts, as for explanation, which Stephen gives in the words, "Behold I see heaven opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." Maddened, they yelled, stopped their ears, and hustling him out of the city stoned him while he knelt in prayer asking, "Lord lay not this sin to their charge." That Christian prayer was grandly answered in the conviction then and the conversion a little later of the leader and promoter of this murder, who was Saul of Tarsus of whom it was shortly said "behold he prayeth."

Fifth, Saul seeking to quiet his conscience by furious persecution of Christians, on the Damascus road was confronted by the glorious Savior. The sight smote him to the earth in blindness where he grovelled in utter helplessness until he heard a voice "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou be?" To this Saul in terror responded, "Who art thou Lord"? and the answer came back "I am Jesus Whom thou persecutest"! Then came the pivotal prayer, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do"? In obedience to Christ's response Saul exchanged his "closet" in the highway for another in the house of Judas in the street called straight where for three days he fasted and wrestled, as did Jacob, receiving a wounding unto life, for whose more abundant increase, he sought a third "closet" in Arabia in which he spent three years alone with God. This spiral revival had so lifted and developed the church at its successive turns that Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria, and even Antioch had been evangelized and doors of entrance to "the uttermost parts of the earth" stood wide open and the question emerged "Who will go and whom shall we send" thither? In the XIII chapter of Acts we read.

Sixth, "As they (the brethren at Antioch) ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed they sent them away. So they being sent forth by the Holy Ghost departed on the enterprise of world evangelization equipped with nothing yet, in God, possessing all things: one of the by-products of which effort was the creation of half of our New Testament and, under God, the assured perpetuity of the Christian Church in the Earth. All this was mostly due to prayer which kept open the sluices between human helplessness and the infinite resources. Simple obedience to Christ secured "The Father's promised gift." Fidelity to the responsibilities this brought, induced crises which demonstrated the perfection of human impotence which, in utter humility, cast itself on God, Who delivered them promptly into a larger place of power and blessing. This process steadily repeated, in spiral fashion, lifted them ever to loftier heights and mightier successes, "from grace to grace, from conquering to conquer."

WHY A VACATION AT ALL?

Unquestionably every missionary in Korea should number the climate among his blessings, nor would we criticize the optimistic spirit that has proclaimed from the housetops the glories of that climate for ten happy months, and said as little as possible as to its nature during the two unhappy ones. Yet this partial attitude has brought about two mistakes, one being that far away outsiders sometimes think that Korea missionaries take vacations they do not need, while the other mistake is that some of those same missionaries consider vacations unnecessary and do not take them.

The opinion of far away outsiders is not a serious difficulty, for distance not only "lends enchantment" but very easily induces misconceptions. Even such a marvel of universal information as our old friend Montgomery Ward used to advertise about a dozen years ago: "We know how to pack for the coolies of India, China and Japan," meanwhile continuing to ship boxes weighing five and six hundred pounds, until some long-suffering missionary at last boldly wrote to him, "You are mistaken; the coolie is *not* a species of elephant!" True friends of missions are constantly learning, and they will get hold of the facts, in time. But it is much more important that the missionary who really needs a vacation should get hold of that fact *in time*. He may be regarding it as a questionable piece of selfish policy, when a truer view would show it to be a wise insurance policy. It is too soon yet to draw conclusions, but is it not possible that the very large proportion of breakdowns among Korea missionaries may have some connection with their too general indifference to this insurance policy?

Now what are the reasons why a vacation should be deemed thus needful? First, the weather usually experienced in July and August. Not the heat, for the thermometer goes far higher in the central belt of the United States, to say nothing of the southern. Not the "rainy season" either, in the strict sense of the continuous floods and enveloping mould, for only about one year in three furnishes a rainy season worthy of its reputation.

But every Korean midsummer, produces a steamy, smothering atmosphere of indescribable oppression. One cannot work. In order to emerge in the fall not too limp for any work even then, one must be resigned to just existing through the summer. Body, mind and spirit drop down to mud-bottom level and stay there. Perhaps the very fact of the climate during the rest of the year being far more exhilarating than that of China or Japan makes this sudden complete lack of ozone more acutely felt. At any rate it is easy to see that if this time of depression can be spent, wholly or in part, on some mountain top or in the freshness of sea breezes, the chances of unimpaired physique both of adults and children, and of conserved energy for the year's work are vastly increased.

But even if one is peculiarly free from susceptibility to weather good or bad, still he may very much need a yearly vacation. Our work,

whatever it is, ought to be put for awhile where it cannot reach us, and we cannot reach it,—for the benefit, in the end, of the work as well as of ourselves. The worst thing about our job is not its narrowness, but its narrowingness, and nothing is better for shaking us out of the ruts than the break of a change of scene and habits, and a meeting with different people. And if these people can sometimes include workers from other lands, and if besides bodily rest the summer can bring mental stimulus and spiritual uplift,—so much the better.

So, see if it is not possible to arrange for that vacation !

FURLOUGH EXPERIENCES AND MEDITATIONS.

My Dear Mr. DeCamp.

I am a long time fulfilling my promise to write you something from America. But I suppose the longer I wait the more will what I have to write be worth while, especially if I write under the above heading. My subject looks life two but it is really one for out of experience grow meditations.

In the first place I need not enlarge on those experiences common to missionary families on furlough. Most of you know what traveling with three little children means, or you can imagine ; living in trunks and suit cases, shut up in a Pullman compartment or in a state room ; visiting friends and relatives when "popski" must stand guard and keep the youngsters from marring the furniture, pulling up the flowers and smashing things generally ; and then to settle down and try to keep house with none of your household goods (dishes cooking utensils, linen, etc.) on hand, having neither store-house nor barn in which to find canned fruit, vegetables, etc. and prices sky high,—"spuds" \$2.25 a bushel, beans 15c. a pound (think of it !) and a squash costing a quarter, etc.

And then on top of all this to have to buy new clothes all around so that people wont take you for foreigners, and to try to do it all on a missionary's salary ! Well, to use a common slang expression here just now "It gets your goat."

But I will leave it to Mrs. Rhodes to enlarge on this phase of our furlough life ; she has all the Kosang (hardship) ; she has to "make the bricks without straw" ; she has to "stay by the suff" with no Kimsie inside and no Kimsobang outside upon whom she can call for help ; with her husband away most of the time and about as good as a "wooden man" when he is at home and in addition making one more to wait upon.

Personally my time has been spent mostly in studying and in speaking on missions. I have had three months study already in the Western Theological Seminary in Pittsburg and it has been very refreshing.

It is interesting to note the change of position in philosophy,

theology, criticism, etc. In philosophy I find I am a dualist ; to posit a creation is out of date ; they talk about a continuous creation now ; God is continually creating the world by an immediate act of His will ; there are no mediate causes ; God is always " doing it now."

Moreover God is not entirely outside of time as we used to think ; neither is time like space a mental concept merely. The time process is a bit of reality ; each individual has his time-space which is neither past nor future but present ; a timeless consciousness and a timeless eternity are not possible, etc.

In examining the scriptures the higher critic and stand-pat orthodoxy are coming closer together. One must give up trying to prove a theory and the other must not keep so close to dogma and creeds and both must unite in the historico-critical inductive method and form their conclusions from their findings rather than from apriori judgments.

On the whole I have been greatly encouraged but of course I have been in a safe and sane mediating institution where seeking for the truth is more of a passion than " standing by your guns " or trying out some new theory or the other, used to be long ago.

In my speaking on missions a reference to my records shows that I have made 85 addresses on 53 different days in 44 different places on 16 different subjects to an aggregate attendance of 12,000 people.

I find that the work in Korea is as interesting to the churches as ever but that it is not receiving the attention from those higher up that it used to receive and which I naturally think it still deserves. This is due to the " annexation," to the fact that Chosen is not in the war zone, to the absence of the former spectacular features in the Korean work and to a kink in human nature that loses interest in a particular work whenever a high water mark has been reached and passed. Nearly all writers on missions mention the work in Chosen as a sort of an appendix to their articles on Japan. This is natural when speaking from a national standpoint but is not fair when speaking from a missionary standpoint because the work in Chosen assumes large proportions and is very much more important than it is generally regarded. It will be very unfortunate if the church at home is allowed to lose interest in the work in Chosen just at a time when we seem to be within reach of the goal and when both at home and on the field we should be putting forth our best efforts. There have been many great defeats in the world in war and missions because of a failure to press on at a time when victory seemed assured.

As I travel about I feel the need of strong articles by some of our leading missionaries and especially do I feel the need of new books. I am often asked what books there are on the work in Chosen and I always have to confess that the books we have are good enough but not very recent.

I feel that while the new government regulation in regard to private schools is causing us no little anxiety yet *that* one thing is keeping the work in Chosen before the Church as nothing else does. Nearly all the articles in missionary magazines on Chosen to-day are on that subject.

In all our addresses on the work in Chosen, nothing so interests the church at home as the possibility that the Koreans may be used as an evangelizing force among both the Chinese and the Japanese, especially the former. If we can demonstrate this one thing the opportunity that will open up before the Korean Christians will be unlimited and the church at home will be increasingly interested in supporting missions in Chosen. Consequently I regard the outcome of the present foreign mission work in China of the Korean Presbyterian Church as most important. And I feel very strongly that the Canadian Presbyterian Church in their present station in Manchuria and that the Chosen mission of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. in their proposed station west of the Yalu should enter into such comity relations with the missions working in Manchuria and with the Chinese church as will allow the Korean Church under the guidance of our missionaries in these stations to try out fully whether or not the Koreans can be used as an evangelizing force among the Chinese. From a worldly standpoint there are reasons why this effort of the Korean church may fail but we must remember it will not be "by might nor by power," etc., and that it has been shown conclusively that the Koreans have a special capacity for religion and have the necessary qualifications to leadership in spiritual matters. There is much yet that I might write under the above heading: (conditions in the Church at home, changes in the standard of living among the American people, the movement towards a national prohibition amendment, the last presidential election, etc., etc.) But this paper already in getting long and I have one thing more in particular to say.

There is a growing averseness in the church to missionary addresses. Not unfrequently pastors tell me that the audience is smaller than usual. In some cases they say that they purposely did not announce my coming lest some might stay away; many pastors are shy about inviting a missionary to his pulpit. Now it is not because the pastors and members of their congregations are not interested in missions. Of course there are some who are unwilling to hear because of the appeal direct or implied in every missionary address for larger gifts. But in a great many cases it is because the missionary does not know how to put his material in an attractive form. Some of the most enthusiastic missionary pastors that I know tell me that they have been disappointed so often that they do not invite missionaries to speak until they assure themselves that the missionary in question can deliver the goods. They say "the missionary has such a wonderful story to tell. Why can't he tell it in an attractive way and put 'pep' into it?" to use one of the latest slang expressions. And by the way, "pep" is a good word. If we can just get it into the Korean language and inject "pep" into our Korean Christians we can cure a host of ills caused by hook worm, long finger nails, flowing garments, long pipe-stems, dangling fans, hat strings, etc.

Now to resume, I do not know of anything more important for the missionary, home on furlough than to study how to be effective in presenting his case from the pulpit; he should find out what kind of a

missionary address is wanted and make them want to hear more when he has finished. Missionaries in Chosen are fortunate in having an illustrious example and pattern in our senior missionary Dr. Underwood, for the church at home will long remember his inspiring addresses. Of course much depends on natural qualifications for public speaking; but it ought not to be impossible for any missionary, and especially for a missionary in Chosen, to give an attractive message. By way of suggestion may I speak as follows:—

(1). It is a good plan for every missionary to have a note book in which to jot down year after year interesting cases that come under his notice, references as to where to find material, observations as to missionary method, interesting statistics, habits and beliefs of the people, etc.

(2). In making an address select a subject and stick to it and don't worry about the hundred and one things on other subjects that you are not saying. There is a great temptation to spread around and give them a dab of this and a dab of that. On the whole, intensive speaking on one phase of mission work is more satisfactory and like a sermon it should have its application to the people addressed.

(3). And by all means make the address realistic, full of concrete examples of the fruit of missions, and in a large measure out of the speakers experience. As one senior missionary kindly told the writer as I was leaving for America, "What the people at home want to know is what the Gospel is doing for the Koreans."

I think you will thank me if I ring off. My thoughts are about people and things in Chosen more than you imagine. I am trying to make the best possible use of my furlough and am enjoying it greatly. Nevertheless I will be glad to get settled in work on the field once more. Just now I am out on a two months trip in the south, speaking in Presbyterian Churches, U.S.A.; hobnobbing with the Southern Presbyterians, and studying the problem of the negro at first hand.

It is great fun to tell in my addresses how we have but one Presbyterian Church in Chosen. Since about half the towns I visit are over-churched the remark meets approval by heads nodding.

I wish I could make the statement stronger but as yet to talk about one union medical school, two union (?) colleges, one song book, one church newspaper, etc. is the best I can do. However I can give hope that there is "a great day coming." Am very sorry to burden you with this poor writing but as it is still not bad enough to merit the gift of a type writer from some source, I must try your patience once more. With many and best wishes to everybody I ever knew in Chosen, I am

Washville, Tenn.

Sincerely Yours,

HARRY A. RHODES.

INSPIRATIONS OF FURLOUGH.

I.

Inspirational experiences in the homeland ought to be written under five heads and each allowed 1,200 words at least. However, the editor has suggested 200 words as the limit knowing a woman's failings, perhaps. The Billy Sunday Meetings in Kansas City, the North Field Summer Conference, the Chautauqua, at Lake Chautauqua, New York, and if one dared, 1,200 words on the World's Fair in San Francisco. Ah! if one dared, for each of the above named was inspirational to me.

To simmer down or perhaps better to boil up to the Billy Sunday Meetings and really tell anything in 200 words may be done by a lawyer who is acquainted with briefs but not by the writer whose long residence in Korea makes one like the natives prolix rather than brief.

On arriving in Kansas City one rainy evening in June, a redcap who had siezed my suit case and was conducting me to a street car asked, "Have you been to the Billy Sunday Meetings?" To my negative answer he responded, "Dont miss them for your life, I found Christ there two weeks ago and never knew what happiness was until then;" and then he began to direct me to the tabernacle. In the street car a woman on my right asked "Are you a Christian?" Being assured that I was she at once turned her attention to her seat mate on the left. A little later an old man on my left addressed me,—“Pardon an old man but young lady have you been to the Billy Sunday Meetings?” Being informed I had not, he told me how he and his whole family had been converted in the tabernacle. A young man holding on to a strap of the car with his right hand and holding a New Testament in his left hand was persuading a young companion to come to Christ.

After the sermon in the tabernacle that night, not less than twelve different women in as many different ways asked me personally of my spiritual state, and I noticed that nobody near me escaped that question. In the seat in front of me an old man was on his knees and with him was a young man who had led him to the Savior. In the hotel dining room the conversation was about the Billy Sunday Meetings. Some carried on in low tones personal religious conversation. In Emery Bird and Hayne's store one of the clerks asked if I had given my heart to Christ. Later a shopper at the glove counter turned to me and practically asked the same question. In the post-office a woman who was stamping a letter asked me to go with her to the Billy Sunday Meeting that evening earnestly begging me not to believe as true what the papers were saying but to hear him for myself. All of the foregoing occurred before I had been twenty-four hours in the city.

To hear him that last week, one was obliged to go to the tabernacle at 10 or 11 in the morning and wait until two when he gave his afternoon address. How quiet was everything and how full was the music of soul stirring worship. Billy Sunday's voice was very insignificant but in the deathly stillness one could hear him distinctly even through the windows

out into the street. He preached not as a mere man but in the wonderful power of the Holy Ghost. The very atmosphere of Kansas City seemed to be charged and the principal business was the winning of souls. The crowded prayer-meetings where individuals were prayed for by name, the crowded Bible classes where lessons from Acts and Job and sections relating to the second coming of Christ were taught, so reinforced Christians that they went forth to enlist individuals under the great Captain Christ for successful warfare against Satan, being filled with joy in the conviction that soon, very soon, He will appear unto those who watch for Him.

KATHERINE McCUNE.

II.

SIX WEEKS AT MT. HERMON, CALIFORNIA.

This is a beautiful little spot among hills seventy miles south of San Francisco. Santa Cruz is seven miles off and the station known as Big Trees only one mile. Inspiration lays hold of the visitor as he views the natural scenery,—great trees, running streams, picturesque waterfalls, meandering paths, shaded glans, and in a word life amid nature far from the rush and din of city conditions.

On the other hand a choice program was carried out an hour or two in the mornings and again in the evening along lines refreshing to workers weary in, but not weary of the service of the Master. Those gatherings in July, 1915 were held in a large tent. One of the best lectures I heard the whole time while on furlough was delivered here by Bishop Hughes of California. He demonstrated the colossal falsehood in the dictum that "ministers sons are the worst of boys." A wealth of facts and statistics stamped the statement beyond a doubt as issuing from Satan.

Our furnished cottage cost \$25. A local store sold all that is necessary for the body in the way of nourishment (and considerable more as well). Tho the weather was cool enough not to require it except at times about noon day, ice-cream too was among the things obtainable in this general store.

City privileges consisting of talented teachers and lecturers combined to interest, amid country benefits of outdoor life. This is an ideal place to sleep in the open or on an outer porch without rain to disturb the slumbers. No reflections on Sorai Beach, Korea.

CYRIL ROSS.

Syen Chun, May 10th, 1917.

My dear Mr. DeCAMP:—

I think as I look back upon furlough in America that the most helpful period there was the time I spent in "a real true 'nough church." I had known, in a dim way all the years, that I was missing the church services, with much that goes to make church services in

the home land, but how much I had missed I did not realize until once again I sat in a pew and listened to the music of a pipe organ and the voices of a choir. The voice of a preacher was not such a novelty since there are some as good preachers in Korea as I heard in America, but the setting certainly added to the inspirational effect of the sermons I heard.

Among the services two stand out especially in my mind ; one the Sabbath when we joined the throngs of people who assembled for the dedication of the beautiful new Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago, and the other the day when again in the same church we looked down upon the General Assembly, twelve hundred strong, and joined with them in the opening service of the Assembly of 1914. There is an inspiration in the very immensity of such a church. After the years of life in the unornamented churches of Korea it fairly takes one's breath to stand in church where nothing in the way of expense or labor has been spared to give attractiveness and splendor. I did not find myself wishing for such churches for Korea, though a little of the ornamental would not hurt most of our churches, but I did wish that I might pass on a little of the solemnity and quiet awe that always seemed to accompany such services. It was a comfort and a strengthening thought that we are a part of a big thing ! Our life may, and usually does, seem very insignificant but it is a part of a great whole which is to be a " building fitly framed."

HELEN MCAFEE McCUNE.

DIAMOND MOUNTAIN STEPPING STONES.

Ever since we heard Mrs. Van Buskirk's description of the time they crossed the sparkling water forty times on stepping stones, we have wanted to see the Diamond Mountains. About all the preparation we had to make was to gather up our old clothes to wear out and leave behind, plan the most appropriate garments for scaling the heights, and make up the order for Steward to fill.

It may be no novelty to country itinerators to pack yourself and all you possess on ponyback but not one of us had had a great deal of experience in that kind of traveling and there can be no one with heart so dead that the sheltering eaves of a friendly little school house or the trees on the bank of a stream at night do not rest his weary soul. We were not in a hurry and just enjoyed everything that came on the way. The mountains reached higher and higher and we thought them quite fine but our attendant knights-of-the-high-hats assured us they were nothing but ordinary heaps of earth and when the real blue peaks were once viewed lifting above the green slopes of the others, we never again would need to ask what was and what was not real Diamond.

We felt like royalty when we walked up the avenues of magnificent trees and established ourselves in our apartments in the temples. But we knew we were not when they tried to move us on to make plenty of

room for His Honor, Gov. Terauchi, who never came, however, as long as we were in the mountains. The guest rooms were most comfortable and it was mildly exciting to arrange ourselves in the big room and the little ones adjoining and on the beautiful porches. The surroundings of the temples were always clean and showed devotion and faithfulness on the part of the priests. Every one was different and each had its own peculiar charm but there were always walks, both difficult and easy, and beautiful quiet nooks for reading and writing—many were the letters disposed of that summer. Some of the paths lead under overhanging branches where the sun never enters and we wished we might see the walks lined with azaleas when they are in bloom.

Though there are not many Koreans in that part of the world we had a few visitors and many interesting conversations with the priests and young students. There is a beautiful simplicity and purity about the worship and the priests in the mountains. The services in many places were most impressive and we especially remember the evening chants at Chang An Sa with the deep voices of the older men and the clear voices of the boys now mingling and now answering each other as in some old psalm. It was amusing to watch the politeness of a man explaining his belief, change into the superiority of the teacher even to using the lowest forms of speech. They said they did not worship the images of Buddha, that they were only a symbol to them, but that the common people could not understand such spiritual things. The younger priests interpreted their doctrine in terms familiar to the Christian. Their Buddha is our Jesus and they pictured him as going down into Hades to rescue his people; while the older priests told us of the various transmigrations from the lowest insects up to likeness to the Buddha himself. Some of the students were much interested in Christianity and even had Bibles but were anxious that we should not let that be known. We never found a place where those of our party who came from Japan could not talk with someone. One young man teaching the boys Japanese said his family was Christian and we urged him to join them when he went home as he would soon do.

Some of the priests were most interesting characters. At our little temple in the woods the fat and thin head-priests with rosaries always in their hands were most solicitous about our welfare. The "three Buddhas" at Ma Ha Am sat with folded hands, one at each end and one in the middle of the porch, long hours in meditation every night and I am sure no other hands ever received such purifying as theirs at three o'clock in the morning. There was no school there and very little gong-and-bell-ringing but they were most faithful in the quieter forms of worship.

There were so many beautiful trips out from there and the temple itself was so high among the clouds that we were loath to move on. On our way to the spring called "the best water in the world" we passed a hermit's retreat and asked him if he never got lonely and he said, No, occasionally a tiger passed by, and they were company for him.

The time we went to the highest point of the mountains (6,000 ft.) we were late in getting back and their torches met us just in time to help

us find some of the stepping stones in the last stream. What a day that was! We crossed and recrossed streams and climbed over rocks all the way to the top. The view there was straight down to the sea and the air so clear that it seemed right at our feet. It would be useless to attempt to tell you about the lights and shadows on the peaks when the clouds below lifted and let us see them, or any of the wonders we saw from that beautiful summit.

On our way up the Canyon from Ma Ha Am, we zigzagged up a grassy peak to the eightsided shrine sheltering the stone Buddha at the top and saw the wonderful view of a Thousand Peaks. The two kindly old priests refreshed us with honey-water as we rested.

We must not fail to mention the temple burned fifty times "to give the people opportunity to build it again"! We have thought often also of the man who asked, while we stopped to have a saddle fixed, if all the people in America were Christians. When we said, "No," he replied that that was strange in a land where there was so much of good. I answered that there, too, were many who refused to obey God and wanted to do as they pleased and the explanation seemed to satisfy him. As we rode away, instead of goodby we said, Believe in Jesus, and he answered, I will believe in Jesus.

When we came out on the other side of the mountains and saw the blue sea afar we could scarcely believe it real. It was there we began the descent of two thousand feet in ten *li*. Reluctantly we turned from the grandeur behind us but it was toward the towering walls which no man might scale, great masses of rock and sharp jagged conformations of the side toward the sea. We got in touch with civilization again at the Diamond Mountain Hotel and its auto took us to the whaling port where ended a vacation not to be dreamed of either at Sorai or Wonsan.

H. A.

WHY KARUIZAWA IS WORTH WHILE.

Karuizawa is well worth consideration, as an occasional summer-vacation resort, by three classes of Korea Missionaries. Those who are really in need of two months' vacation, those who desire freedom for special work, and those who are studying Japanese.

For tired and worn out missionaries who need to get entirely away from their work for a short time, Karuizawa is an almost ideal resort. The journey of 1,200 miles (from Seoul) can be made very comfortably in two and a half days, at a cost of about \$25.00 (gold) (2nd class fare). Round-trip, 60 day tickets, via Tokyo, give stop-over privileges, and allow the holder to go or to return from Nagoya direct to or from Karuizawa, via Shiojiri and Shinonoi, through some of the most beautiful mountain scenery in Japan.

Karuizawa is situated in a large *kosui* or plain over 3,000 feet above the sea-level. During the month of August there are frequent showers,

often accompanied by considerable electric activity. There is usually considerable humidity in the atmosphere but the mean temperature (70° F. in August) is low enough to prevent the usual depressing effects of increased humidity. It is seldom so warm during the day, that one cannot work with comfort, and the nights are always cool and bracing.

There are about 250 summer houses and cottages in Karuizawa. Many of these are to let, at rates varying from \$50 to \$15,000 (gold) for the season. Rooms and board may be obtained in private homes at \$1.25 to \$1.75 a day. There are also a number of hotels and boarding-houses which give good accomodation at reasonable rates. The Karuizawa Community is thoroughly cosmopolitan, and although missionaries largely predominate, nearly every calling of foreign-life in the Far East, is well represented. Many visitors come from China every year, and last year there were over 30 visitors from Korea. The large number of people is however no hindrance to those who come to rest or work. The lots are large and the residences widely distributed. Everything is free and easy, and no one need be disturbed by social or other attractions.

During the vacation season Karuizawa is well supplied with stores and shops of almost every description. Fresh fruit and vegetables, fresh dairy products, fresh fish and other meats, grocer's, baker's and confectioner's supplies, drugs, soda-drinks and ice-cream may always be had at reasonable rates. Book stores, silk, dry-goods and hardware stores, cabinet porcelain and fine art curio shops, silversmiths, tailors, milliners, furriers, shoemakers are all well represented. Professional announcements include doctors, dentists, optometirists, massagists, chemists, language teachers, architects and fine-art-photographers. The rail-road, mail and telegraph serviees are excellent. There is a branch railway station in the village, making connection with the main-line which is only one mile distant. The post-and-telegraph office is in the centre of the settlement and house-delivery of mail is made three times daily.

The Karuizawa Athletic Association makes excellent arrangements for sports, games, general athletics and excursions. Visitors may become, voting members of the Association, with grand-stand, snd tea-and-cake privileges, by payment of the membership-fee of one *yen*. A general fee of three *yen* for men and three *yen* for women (which includes the membership fee) entitles to participation in sports and games. Short-season tickets (two-weeks only) may be had for half the above stated fees. There is also a department of Junior Athletics, for boys and girls under fourteen, membership fee of which is one *yen*. To see the tournament and match games alone, is well worth the fee. There are the public tennis courts (in connection with which lockers and shower-baths will soon be added), a base-ball and cricket field ; also a fine large hall and gymnasium in which a summer school, with Kindergarten and Athletic departments for boys and girls is conducted by skilled teachers and directors. Tennis nets and balls, base-ball bats gloves and mits are provided by the Association. There is a sporting-goods store in the village, and Mimatsu and Co., of Tokyo, keep supplies and a workman to restrnging racquets at moderate cost, on the tennis grounds.

There are many places of interest in and about Karuizawa which suggest and stimulate to other forms of recreation. The Association Hand Book says. "The scientist, naturalist, botanist and even the ordinary trumper" can arrange for walks, rides, drives, and excursions that will yield both pleasure and profit. Atago Yama, 500 feet above the plain is only $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the post-office. Prospect Point (600 feet above the plain) from which a splendid view of the gorges and pinnacles of the Myogi Mountains is only $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. To the east of Karuizawa is Usui Toge height (780 feet) where there is a fine spring and on the road to which there are many fine views; this pass is only $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. On the other side of Karuizawa basin, 2 miles from the post-office is Hanari Yama, 800 feet high, an hour's steep climb. "The Hog's Back" (1,500 feet) is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the north of the village. There are fine water-falls near the Mikasa Hotel (2 miles); and at Kose, (4 miles). A narrow-gage railroad will take you within a short distance of Kose. A popular trip is to the Kozu Dairy farm, 11 miles distant, where comfortable accommodation and rich dairy products may be enjoyed. At Kusatsu, (25 miles) are medicinal springs, famous all over Japan. To days of great interest may be spent at Haku-un-san Shrine and Mountain, 4,000 feet above the sea, at the foot of one of the most famous of the Myogi peaks, where is a magnificent grove of cryptomeria trees. It is best reached by rail ($1\frac{1}{4}$ hours) to Matsuida and thence by foot or ricksha to Myogi village (1 hour). The trip which excites most interest of all is the ascent of Asama Yama the largest active volcano in Japan, (8,130 feet above the sea), smoking in full view of Karuizawa, but distant eight miles. This trip is usually made at night and if safely accomplished is worth many times what it costs for saddle horse and groom, and in physical exertion. Three miles around to the northern base of the volcano, are "The Lava Beds," ejected during Asama's last great eruption in 1783.

Provision for the intellectual, social and spiritual well-being of visitors to Karuizawa receives as careful attention as that for their physical needs. In the Zaidan Hojin Act of Endowment of the Association it is stated that,

"The Object of this Zaidan is to promote the development of the spiritual and physical interests of the Karuizawa Summer Residents. To accomplish the above object, it shall engage in the following activities:

"1. The provision and maintenance of facilities for exercise and entertainment.

"2. The establishment and maintenance of a library and reading room for magazines and periodicals.

"3. Lectures.

"4. Any other activities similar to the above."

The Karuizawa Union Church conducts three weekly services in an Auditorium which will seat comfortably about 600 people. The preaching and singing are always of a high order and many a new comer leaves the services saying, "This reminds me more of home than anything I have experienced for a long time." Four weekly services are also conducted in Christ Church (Episcopal). The Karuizawa Union Sunday

School is a well organized institution which "aims to contribute to the spiritual culture of the boys and girls by proper exercises in music and worship, and by graded instruction under capable teachers." Two Adult Bible Classes conducted by experienced teachers are a source of inspiration and enlightenment to all who attend them.

A Convention for the deepening of the Spiritual life is held in the Auditorium four or five days each year. This year the services will be conducted by the Rev. John Paul of Asbury College, Kentucky.

Many of the Missions and various societies in Japan hold their Annual Meetings in Karuizawa. The Japan Language School arranges to teach classes at Karuizawa, and the head teacher of the school has private classes in addition. Two concerts are held each week in the Auditorium, one for the children, the programmes being largely musical. Popular lectures are sometimes delivered and many meetings having for their object the promotion of the study of educational, social-reform, theological and other subjects are held.

The visitor to Karuizawa may utilize as few or as many of these advantages as he desires. His life may be as retired as in forest solitude or as active as in a large country town at home. In fact he is within easy reach of many of the privileges and benefits to be derived from a short furlough.

R. A. HARDIE.

A MISSIONARY'S GLEANINGS IN CHINA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

While not unappreciative of the opportunities for rest and change which our own Field affords, I consider it a real benefit to be able to leave Korea, see new sights, hear new sounds, and learn what others are doing for the advancement of the Kingdom. Therefore, when an opportunity came to me to attend our Quadrennial Conference in Nanking, November 1915, I decided to extend my trip and satisfy the longing of my heart to visit the Philippines. Going north by rail, I stopped in Chang Li, our first station in China. There I had my first sight of the Great Wall. I was told how our Korean missionary while studying the language there, often went to the mountain to pray, and one day wept as he looked over the city, that he had been in China six months and had not won a soul; but how later a revival had come to the church, it was belived, in answer to his prayers and through the influence of his life.

In Peking, among the many interesting mission institutions I visited was a Training School for preachers' wives. I wondered if it would not help our problem of ignorant and inefficient preachers' wives if the same stand were taken here, that is, refuse to ordain a man whose wife is unable to read or until she has begun to attend the Training School. It is not strange that after the rule was enforced obstacles vanished. Babies came with almost every woman, but a mother-in-law, a mother or someone was found, in every case, who could keep the home, care for the older children and thus give the wife an opportunity to study.

In Tientsin, a school for high class girls attracted me for it is a field almost untouched in Korea.

Again in Nanking I heard of the Koreans. Many of them were attending the Union College and were well spoken of. At their own little weekly services they collected enough to support a Chinese Sunday School which they had organized. I found a beautiful Korean girl in one of the Presbyterian girls' schools who had learned Chinese so well that she was teaching most all of the Bible classes. The Principal told me she was the spiritual life of the school. Other such incidents came to my attention which made me feel more than ever that the Korean people have a mission to the other peoples of the East.

At Shanghai, the institution known as the Door of Hope, interested me very much, and as I learned the stories of these women who had made their escape from places of injustice and sin, I was glad there was a door open for them, and again wondered if we would ever feel the need of such a work here in Korea.

I went by boat from Shanghai to Foochow. In several cities I found Union institutions very successfully conducted. Here there is a Theological School of three denominations—Baptist, Episcopal and Methodist. On a two hours chair ride through the city I was reminded of what Paul said of Athens, for at least every fourth shop was one where something pertaining to religion was either being made or sold and every turn of the narrow street brought me in sight of an idol procession or some other hideous evidence of a heathen religion. In the center of all this I found the only institutional church, as far as I know, in the East.

When we reached Hong Kong, according to new regulations on account of the war, we found we had to go to the police station with our passports and receive a permit to leave the city again. I did not visit any mission institutions here but went to Canton where I was much interested in going through the only insane asylum for the Chinese. The doctor told me of a young man who is a graduate of Yale. He would address his audience in English, with great eloquence. One thing in particular which the doctor told made an impression on my mind. He said when his patients went out cured he always warned them about falling again into their heathen practices, for he had many cases of those who, after months of perfect health, would have a return of their malady upon sacrificing or following other heathen customs.

It is just as well not to mention the experiences on the little boat which took us from Hong Kong to Manilla but our landing is worthy of note. We rode into a storm in the night which drove in those of us who were sleeping on deck and when we reached Manilla we found it was impossible to dock or even to reach the steam launch by the steps. Climbing over the baggage in the hold we stood by the small door and watched our chance and, when the waves brought the launch near, jumped. Like drowned rats we entered the custom house and tried to telephone our friends but the storm had interfered with the wires. We were advised to get a cab and reach our destination as soon as possible.

Typhoon signals were up and in half an hour the storm would reach its height. It was a very different landing from what we had expected yet I am not sorry I had the experience of a Manilla typhoon.

Our beautiful Maternity Hospital with its windowpanes of shell and its outlook on the sea make a delightful stopping place. A morning sea bath looked inviting but the story of a fisherman who had a bite taken out of his side by an ugly shark made it less attractive. The work in the hospital is unique.—Think of seeing twenty-five babies, from one to two days old in one long bed, all tagged with their mothers' names, in order not to get them mixed.

I realized something of what it meant to live in a tropical climate when I stood by the roadside and watched the parade on Resal Day, but to see the floats of beautiful Philippino women, gayly gowned and laden with flowers, and to hear the music by the famous Philippino Band—then just returned from the Wold's Fair, quite repaid me for the discomfort of several hours in the blazing sun. I was struck with the strangeness of Christmas trees on a hot summer night and the efforts of the American storekeepers who tried to make Christmas scenes in the shop windows, were pathetic. American interests were in evidence everywhere. A few miles out of Manilla I visited Camp McKinley which looked quite American. Little money seems to have been expended on large government buildings, but more on city improvements and educational buildings. The Normal School is the most complete of any institution of its kind I have ever seen.

I was much interested in the educational policy, which I found to be much the same as that followed here in Korea. The rapid influx of young people into the churches shows the influence of Protestantism on the students. One of the most successful methods of reaching them is the hostel where the student finds a Christian home while studying in the government schools. A visit to seven or more of the old Spanish churches convinced me that the Philippines are as much a field for missionary labor as any other place, some of their practices showing minds as darkened as in any non-Christian country.

Back to Shanghai and to Nagasaki, in due time I was home again, poorer in pocket but richer in experience and ideas which help me every day in the tasks given me to do in Korea.

LULU E. FREY.

VACATION ATTRACTIONS OF THE TAIDONG RIVER.

Once upon a time a weary missionary had a beautiful dream. He saw "all the comforts of home" removed from the daily routine of work, and the constant tap-tap at the study door, slowly moving up the river toward the hills. He saw the children, gleeful and safe, playing in the sand, or skipping stones from the front door, himself just resting in his own big arm chair free from responsibility or interruption with constant

change of scene, escaping the heat, the flies and mosquitoes, even the plague of the rainy season, for he saw the usual torrents pouring, down vertically, the wind shut off by hills, so the canvas sides of his home could be open still and the wild force of the elements add zest to his case.

Yes, he was dreaming of a house boat on the Taidong and since he was Graham Lee and a practical man, he got up and made the dream a reality. How many, many happy summers have resulted from that vision and the wisdom and energy of the man who saw it! How many men, women and children have come back to the winter's work with clearer brains and stronger bodies! Yet this is one of the minor legacies he left to Korea.

Of course since then other men have had other visions. Now vacation in Korea offers a choice of attractions and though

Who swerves from innocence must walk with shame
Not so with those who loosely wear the chain
That binds them, pleasant River, to thy side
Sure when the separation has been tried
That we who part in love, shall meet again.

The river bears no grudges against those who wish a change or those who can try her charms only once.

The lure of a river is a thing apart from all others and the Taidong in its scenery reminds one of some of the mighty streams of earth; of the Columbia with its rapids, or the Inside Passage to Alaska with its shallow waters, its cliffs, caves, innumerable waterfalls, and the smooth lake like places into which one moves on faith in the nature of rivers alone, seeing no opening.

We saw no bears swimming across it but caught sight of deer on the mountains, or played with the little ones brought by boys down to the bank. The children never tire of watching the chaff pigeons flitting to and fro, listening for other bird calls, fishing or hailing the native fishermen, diving, swimming, sending their paper boats down the stream at night, brilliantly illuminated with carefully hoarded candle ends; looking for good beaches to tie up at and playing there, or following the country trails which have their lure also, and coming back laden with wonderful crystals and plants to beautify the table or send home to set out in the garden. There are mountains to be climbed—Misty Point many days inland with its view of the Yellow Sea—caves to be explored, a chance for scout cookery on shore.

But aside from the attractions the Taidong shares with all rivers, it has many peculiar to itself, chief among which is what the children call the "fun of watching the boatmen work." Sometimes they row quietly in smooth deep water, sometimes exert every muscle to the full to pull across the swollen stream and land in a safe place—if they allow the current to carry them too far down, there are the cliffs to afford a cold welcome. Sometimes they pole, sometimes shove or even lift the heavy boat over shallows. Often they pull on the tow line; the children soon learn to fasten their little ropes on, too, with the fascinatingly easy twist.

But pulling is not all alike: in places one or more boatmen must climb over slippery cliffs, rope in one hand, the other used as a balance stick, or grasping for the slight assistance of plants. There is excitement in plenty without real danger for the men seem to be like goats in their agility and accidents are nil. So, too, the swift course of other boats down the river causes more excitement for

"By the margin willow veiled,
Slide the heavy barges."

Probably bearing no Lady of Shalott but certainly often down the rivers' dim expanse

"Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river."

Though the wave runs, not to Camelot, but to Chinampo and to Pyeng Yang, "city of much tragedy, much warfare and constant destruction," for over 3,000 years a cockpit of the nations,—there is room for romance here. What will the future bring?

Moreover your own comfortable, if temporary, home is on one of these same barges—a boat about seventy feet long with space in front for your front porch, the rowboat you may keep for side excursions, and the rowers of the barge. Behind your house is the lean-to where the boatmen cook and sleep, and the eyry for the steersman who poises steady on his apparently unsteady box and guides the craft thro the muddy lower waters bordered with undulating green fields, to the crystal head waters, shut in at times by perpendicular cliffs, past the

"Kingfishers gettin up and skootin 'out o'hearin'
Old turkle on the root, kind sorts 'drappin'
Intoo the worter like he don't know how it happen!
Worter an 'shade an' all so mixed, don't know which you'd orter
Say, the worter in the shadder-shadder in the worter."

or again where richly glows the waters breast

"Before us, tinged with evening hues,
While facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues!
And see how dark the backward stream
A little moment since so smiling.
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow?"

There is change in plenty; There is exercise or rest as the spirit moves. There is the comfort of one's own cook and of fresh supplies and mail brought from home when desired, of laundry easily sent home. There is companionship and visiting as boat meet's boat.

Up the river! "Happiness is hiding there."

PHASES OF SUMMER LIFE AT SORAI BEACH.

Of course the great attraction at Sorai as at very sea-side resort is the ocean itself. Just to watch it's ever changing colors rests one's soul. The small fishing craft that glide by the cliff never lose their interest; while the steamer twice a week is almost a dangerous excitement.

Every house on the cliff commands a good view of the ocean and the nearby beach which changes continually with the tide, now broad and sparkling white, now almost devoured by the high tide which comes rolling in past the point. How tame the ocean would be without the tide!

I hardly know whether I enjoy most at Sorai the pleasant, sunshiney weather or a sudden storm that sends the fishing boats scurrying for shelter and makes the bay foam with whitecaps. And a real storm at Sorai is something to remember a lifetime. It stirs a man to the depths to watch the angry sea hurl itself against the high cliff walls of our fortress and to hear the roar of the battle. If you want to renew your youth, go to the edge of the cliff in a storm and try your strength against the wind and bathe your face in the salt spray.

But most glorious of all to me are the sunsets at Sorai. The formation of land and water, of the inner bay and outer sea with its distant islands and the sharp mountain peaks of Whang Hai Do, has been arranged by God's own hand to give His servants such an evening vision of His glory that every voice is hushed and we stand scarcely breathing, watching the marvelous colors change and deepen, worshiping and wondering how glorious God must be.

Some would have written first of the splendid bathing and games on the beach. The bathing is fine and surprisingly warm for ocean water due to the wide expanse of shallow water over the beach. Think of races and sports and base-ball games on a beach so hard that you can play hand-ball on it and drive a cart for miles along the water front! Think, too, of a beautiful pine forest right on the ridge near our houses and all our own. What a place for picnics! What a place for children! What a place to swing a hammock on a warm afternoon and look up at the far away sky through rifts in the sighing pine tops or out to the east and south and catch the glint of the sea through the maze of tree trunks!

I would like to tell you of our clam-chowder suppers, of the good social life that includes everybody; of our entertainments and concerts, of the Post-office at Cable's, of how Koons solved the water question, of the wild mountain gorge to the north; of moonlight sails on the bay, of our newspaper and Steward's store and the boy who comes for our grocery orders; but it is impossible to tell everything. If you have been to Sorai, you know, and if you have not you should go and see for yourself—that's all.

WM. N. BLAIR.

THE DOCTOR'S VACATION.

As a doctor I had been pretty constantly at work for six years, and when the opportunity offered itself to get off for a month, I felt that I would do well to take advantage of it. My idea of a vacation may not be the conventional one, as I am not inclined to travel, so I prepared to read and rest at home. For the first twenty minutes I had a lovely time; just sat down in my big easy chair, with which I had lost acquaintance, took out one of the Sherlock Holmes' stories, and got over to where the crook was being trailed down when—

Well, a day of it showed me that the number of sick, near sick, and ailing was so great when a doctor was just lying around loafing with nothing to do but be consulted, that I would have to take a trip in spite of myself. To China—my wife suggested it, and with much fear and trepidation I let her decide. It was an opportunity to see the people and customs of that land, and since the expense was not considerable, and we had some friends expecting us, we set out almost at once. We went by rail, as far as we could, not because we were wise, for we wanted to go by boat, but because the boat left us. The Japanese agent informed me that the boat left Tuesday, and when I went to buy the ticket Tuesday, he told me the boat had left the day before. "I have mistake. Please forgive my rudeness; I am sorrow for you." I had to forgive him—but I didn't do it with any too good a grace, I'm afraid; I didn't realize what a friend he was. So we went by rail to Dairen, and—. I don't like to think about that boat—it was stuffy, Chinesy, and smelly. I thought we had odors in Korea; well, we haven't, not comparatively. We got in bed and across in safety to Chefoo; at least we were alive and able to keep the coolies from carrying us off bodily as they seemed to want to do; able to sit up in a rickshaw and tell the coolies where we wanted to go. "Do you understand English?" "Oh, yah, velly well. Where go?" "We want to go to the Missionary Home. Do you understand? Missionary Home? Missionary Home." "Yah, yah, O ter." We had a nice sight-see of the city—they did give us that much. Every now and then they would draw up beaming and say, "May be here?" and make us inquire. We got up the French consul, went around to every hotel or pretense of one, and finally, after most vociferously saying, "No, no, not here Missionary Home," they took us to the mission compound and there we inquired our way and got straightened out—partially. At least we got to the home. When I tried to pay off the rickshaw men there was a row. More or less used to this, I turned away, but they followed clear into the house, and woke up everyone with their clamor. What the good lady of the house thought had come down on her, I don't know, but she told us it was "quite all right," and also that we had paid the coolies twice too much; and finally we got into a room. I felt pretty well worn out, but my wife was happy. "Oh, what a nice experience, we just get to know the people, and we saw the whole city." For that matter the whole city was just like the first glimpse, and the coolies didn't impress me favorably.

We staid at Chefoo long enough to get some money changed, and find out some few of the mysteries of small change. I took a dollar, bought 90 cents worth of stamps, and expected to receive a dime in change. Well, I got the dime, but with it a number of large copper pennies which weighed as much as a half dollar each. Change seemed cheap. However, it was more than I could do to figure out how cheap, and I was not able to see why I should get over one dime, and came to the conclusion that perhaps the dime was a bad one, and that the change had to be thrown in for good measure. Bad money isn't rare in China, and only around the corner did I find that out in larger things than mere dimes.

You see, we came from Korea, the good land of *yen* and *sens*, ten of the latter making one of the former every day in the year. Naturally I had to have some money with which to travel, and had brought *yen*, which had been good up to this time, and were worth about \$1.27 (Mex.), the common Chinese local currency. Now, as you may know, Japanese money was boycotted in China just then, though I did not know it till I tried to use some. The hands of even the lowest coolie would be raised deprecatingly, and this meant a refusal even as a gift. However, there were money changers, and one lived around that corner. I went to him, and he offered me 1.23 (Mex.), for my *yens*. Well, he was smooth-tongued, and I was green to Mexican dollars, so took his offer. He gave me out a lot of bank notes, told me they were good, and the writing on them indicated the fact; moreover they were guaranteed by a well known Japanese Banking Co. doing business in China. Well, I felt pretty well satisfied with myself, for in quantity I had quite a bit more money than in *yen*, and I chuckled all the way home. Then I bragged, and got taken down from my perch, for I found that at another exchange shop \$1.25 could be gotten. But what was two cents on a dollar? Thus comforting myself, I proceeded to hand out some of my new wealth in payment of my bill. Again those hands went up in a gesture of refusal. I was getting tired of this, and expostulated. "These are not *yen*," said I, "see, dollars, good Mexican dollars." The Chinese cashiers head and hand and body all shook. Then I asked the lady of the house, and she explained that not only Japanese *yen*, but Japanese bank money as well, was boycotted, and that these new bills were worthless except at an exchange office, where they would be heavily discounted. It was then I went back in wrath to my exchanger, and demanded back my *yen*. "Sorrow," said he "but send all away to Japan. Do you know? Japan?" Well, that ended it; he had given me dollars, and they could be used; he, himself, would exchange them for any local money I desired (at a discount), and besides my ship was leaving for Shanghai in ten minutes or so, and I had left my wife to the gentle care of some rickshawmen. I had to take the stuff, or miss my boat; and I only congratulated myself that a vacation didn't come every day, and hurried away.

I found my wife, but our baggage hadn't come, although we had sent it off by three men instead of two (it was about enough for one good

Korean collicie) in a rickshaw. Of course rickshaw collicies are a bad lot the world over, and I am not over proud of those in my native missionary land, but oh, for Paksyebang to carry our leads on his jikky! The launch was leaving for its last trip, and the agent informed us that we would have to go now or be left. Later, he relented, and said we could come out in a sampan at our own expense if we come very quickly. On that, I sent my wife ahead, protesting, and decided to wait to the last minute for trunks.

They came; things usually do come in the East—at last, but not before. Well, it was a nice boat—what I saw of it the first few hours, and I thought about the pleasant trip ahead, and even became a little poetic, as really, this was our wedding trip in one way as it was the first one we had had since our marriage. Night came on soon, however, and then morning, and even my wife crawled back in, when she got up. I didn't get up. You see, there was something the matter with the boat; it had gotten heavy at the bow; no I guess it was the stern, as it turned up just then, and it made me dizzy. Not that I was seasick; I never have been seasick; but it was vacation time, and I needed a rest in bed. My wife seemed to feel somewhat the same way. The cabin boy came, and the deck boy came, and also there was some cleaning to be done. I didn't feel especially hungry, though I was a little empty (in connection with the cleaning); however, I concluded that fasting would do no harm. I didn't say much, nor was my wife extra communicative; I heard her say something about a storm, and a coast trip always being rough; then I had to call in the boy to do some more cleaning. The room was pretty dirty, you see. I felt even still emptier, but I knew I wasn't seasick, in fact I never have been so, and am a number one sailor, as my wife can tell you.

I believe I staid in the next day also. At least I don't remember of going out. But as I said, I needed a rest, it was vacation time, and they hadn't gotten the goods packed well in the ship, so that there was more or less unsteadiness on its legs. The boy who cleans up came in frequently; some times I rang for him. I still continued to feel somewhat empty. Then I rested some more, and pretty soon the boy came in to say we were approaching Shanghai. My wife seemed glad; I wasn't very sorry, for I always like a change, and as long as they had packed the boat so poorly, I thought we might as well be off of it. I enjoy boat rides, however, and have never been known to be seasick in my life.

LY. H. S.

ACTIVITIES AT WONSAN BEACH.

What was true last year of the Wonsan Beach activities will doubtless be approximated this year—an earnest group devoting a month to good solid work on either the Korean or Japanese language, with another week or ten days in a Bible Conference; then a time for quiet rest, study,

or meditation. For some last year there was not the opportunity for rest, because of the building operations which continued the whole season.

With a flat sand beach, gently sloping into the water, and the water at any desired depth for the smallest child and the professional swimmer, most days saw four more or less distinctly marked periods with many enjoying the salt sea: the early morning plunge, the mothers and younger children about eleven o'clock, the entire community at about five, wading, plunging, diving from the raft, swimming, and breasting the waves for as long as desired, and then the late plunge before retiring by those desiring to dream of the glorious sea.

It must not be forgotten that some days are passed within doors, as the rainy season is no respecter of persons or places; but shortly after the rain ceases the base ball or volley ball enthusiasts get out in full force, usually with some of the ladies on either side of the net or diamond.

This year both base ball and tennis can be witnessed from the new auditorium, located on the Civic Centre.

There is the daily fun in watching the Korean fishermen draw in their nets, and then in bargaining for fine fish before they are carried off to the markets.

Abundant supplies of fresh fruits and vegetables are brought to the door, and there is the daily delivery of mail to keep one in touch with friends or business.

Excursions to the Diamond Mountains will be quickly and easily made by boat or automobile, and abundant opportunities for picnic excursions by boat or train for a few hours, all day, or as long as desired.

Golf enthusiasts will go far to find a better location for links.

Concerts and various entertainments furnish wholesome amusements, and later the Chautauqua idea will be more fully developed with lectures and further opportunity for mental and spiritual growth.

Sunday services, including Sunday School, sermon, good music, and the vesper service on the beach, will not be easily forgotten.

The auditorium will this year make better provision for the larger gatherings, but the problem of taking care of those who wish to come has not been solved.

Cottages are all filled or spoken for long before July, and some are occupied into September.

A number of cottages built to be rented, and a central dining hall, would help to provide for those who must now be turned away.

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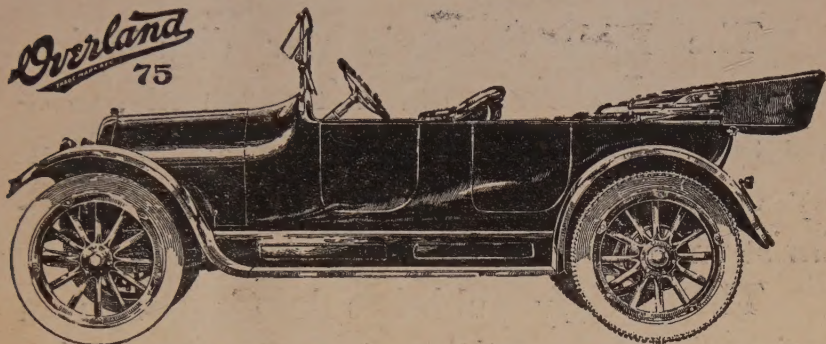
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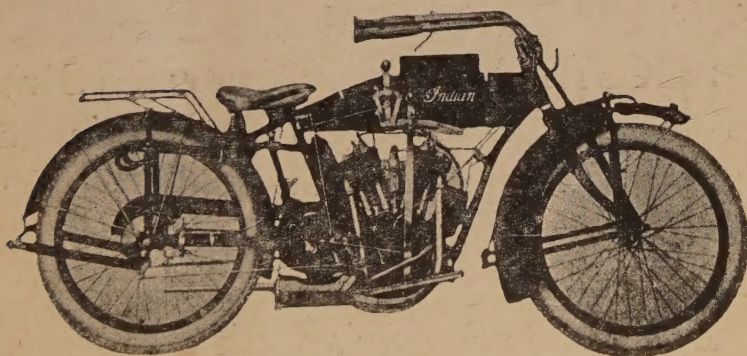
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